

The Greek Ideal, in Stone

THE Foundations of Classic Architecture, a posthumous work of the late Herbert Langford Warren of Harvard University, contains the essence of his teaching of the history and principles of architecture. As implied by the title, only the beginnings of architecture are dealt with, the treatise closing with the flower of the Greek edifices, the buildings of the Acropolis.

Countless volumes have already been written about classic architecture—written and forgotten. But in spite of that this added work of Dean Warren's commends itself, since it strikes from the oldest of the flints so many new sparks of inspiration.

He divides architectural forms into "two classes, primary and secondary." Primary forms in stone are those actually developed in stone, not in an alien material; for example, the proto-Doric columns of the rock cut tombs of Beni-Hassen. Their form was evolved logically in the stone itself from the simple rectangular block that was their origin.

Secondary forms in stone are those developed in some material other than stone; for example, the familiar Ionic column. The volute of the Ionic cap had its origin in a beaten metal form; its slender shaft was originally turned in wood. Under the cultured perception of the Greek designer it was modified and strengthened into a perfect fitness as a stone form. But the fact that it had its origin in materials other than stone stamps it, nevertheless, as a secondary form, always a little inferior to the primary.

Yet another idea is advanced by the writer: "In architecture . . . three main structural relations or functions . . . footing . . . support . . . covering. In the more important members all . . . are more or less completely expressed. Even in the smallest members they may be regarded as existing . . ."

Down through the centuries Greek temple architecture has been a subject to conjure with. Savants of every age have found something new, something vitalizing in the contemplation of its intricacies. And here is yet another. Since George Lansing Raymond so skillfully evoked a system of elementary proportions from its complexity of dimensions, who has deduced from its study so much of fundamental significance as the principle set forth above?

The writer amplifies his idea: "There is a stereobate on which the temple stands; the column itself, which is the supporting member; the entablature, which crowns and finishes and protects the colonnade." Again: "In the column itself is the three fold functional division—the base; the shaft, the upward supporting member; the capital, the crowning member." In the base of this column, in its turn, again the three fold division—torus, scotia and torus. And in the cap as well—"the necking, which serves as base and connects it with the shaft; the echinus, the supporting member; the abacus . . . the crowning member."

How the author must have enjoyed developing this! What exultant satisfaction with each more involved manifestation of the relationship! But these are not all. "Not only the column has its three fold division, but this is given to the shaft itself. It also has individual crowning and basing members (congeals and filets) apart from the column capital and base." And so he continues with the members of the entablature, with the members of those members, and with these subdivisions again.

Greek mouldings he groups under the same three heads—basing, supporting and crowning. They "take the place in the building of introductory and connecting phrases in speech." Filets, Astragals and scotias—"they may be regarded as . . . conjunctions and prepositions." And as to the ornament on these members "the Greek designer . . . applied the principle that its outlines should repeat the profile of the members decorated, "since" the purpose of the decoration is not merely or chiefly to enrich, but to enhance the form and so accent the appropriate expression of the member decorated."

But the chief burden of the work is its appreciation of the Greek Doric style. "Whatever the origin of the Greek Doric order . . . whatever the steps by which it was wrought into its final shape, it was, during the whole period . . . distinctly a stone form. In its perfection it has no single member which suggests any other material."

"No more delicately and strongly beautiful architectural member has ever been

devised than the Doric capital of the best period."

And the thorough critical appreciation closes with this: "It will be seen from this analysis that there is here nothing capricious, nothing meaningless; that in the whole order, in the whole building there is no member, no smallest detail that has not its significance in relation to the whole; that every part is harmoniously related to every other, is carefully adjusted to its particular place in the building and is necessary to the total effect, to the unity and meaning of the completed design, each least member contributing its share to the creation of an organic unity in which the structure receives most beautiful and marvellously appropriate expression, in forms which are essentially those of an architecture of stone."

The Song of Songs which is Solomon's—for no lover has sung the virtues of his divinity with more unqualified praise!

Need we add that the diction is smooth and orderly and far from dull? While it is quite obviously a technical work, no one with a serious interest in the subject need feel that he will find the book abstruse or uninteresting. E. B.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF CLASSIC ARCHITECTURE. By HERBERT LANGFORD WARREN. The Macmillan Company.

About a Girl of Parts

IF only I were a fairy godmother, potent enough to get from Santa Claus a million or so names of folk who love good reading, his reindeer would have to work overtime delivering to that million or so a gorgeous story book entitled *Leave It to Doris*.

She is a girl of parts, distinctly worth while, the eldest of four motherless sisters: she is also the special providence saving the minister, their father, from the snares of the widows and spinsters with which most of congregations do abound. She does the saving gently and wholly without malice, but so firmly there is no going against her. Father is not quite the normal man, in that he is wholly grateful for such salvation. That is, however, a mere detail, more than negligible in the press of things crowding every page.

Doris sparkles throughout them, ably seconded by the Problem who comes next to her, and more ably provoked by Treasure and Zee, the younglings of the flock. Always the sparkling is to excellent purpose. Doris, a born coquette, with feet specially made for dancing, lives up to the blue china of the manse and her ministerial father, by refraining from "those diversions which can not be used in the name of the Lord"—bridge for example, jazz, and one steps. Yet she does not pull a long face over her self-denials—she has small need to, with things happening as they do. Witness the impatient hard case, who dying left the minister choice betwixt a red auto and a Jersey cow. Prudence of course said: "Take the cow." The family contrariwise said: "Take the car." That motion was carried unanimously and was fruitful in results.

Even without them romance would have descended as a garment upon the manse and its dwellers. For there was already the great unknown in the offing, likewise the visiting bishop—whose Christianity was not bounded by creeds or conferences. Doris routed him out of bed, taking him for her father—how could she dream that Dad would bring home a celebrity in the middle of the night and carefully bestow him in his own place?

Then there is the tainted evangelist, who verges on the melodramatic—with ever so much more which it would be unfair to author and readers even to indicate. Suffice it that all things end properly. After that it only remains to say that the book is sunshiny, clean and wholesome as springtime, with a spring-time atmosphere delightfully accentuated by its touches of genuine piety. There is no preaching. M. McC. W.

LEAVE IT TO DORIS. By ETHEL HUESTON. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

WHILE the Prince of Wales was among us he said, at West Point, "I hold a commission in the brigade of Guards, which claims to know something of what discipline means." What discipline does mean to the Guards is described in Stephen Graham's *A Private in the Guards* (Macmillan), just published.

Our Red Cross in the War

THE further we get away in point of time from our participation in the war the more difficult it is to realize the greatness of our national effort and more particularly if we try to understand that effort through reading books about it. For no one who writes of war work can help referring to statistics; and these become overpowering. A significant case in point is Henry P. Davison's remarkably interesting and unconsciously picturesque volume entitled *The American Red Cross in the Great War*, a title of the rare kind that really describes the contents of the book to which they are given.

It is apparent from Mr. Davison's preface that his one volume cannot begin to tell what our Red Cross did; for, he says, "detailed narratives will accordingly follow this book." The mere fact that there were 30,000,000 members enrolled in the organization (practically one-third the population of the country) when hostilities ended is not easily grasped. And when he mentions some of the other details the imagination is staggered by their immensity. And yet beyond the fact that it had a national organization, "in that sense, and in almost no other, it was ready for the frightful thing that Germany was preparing for the world," when we entered the war.

Its first drive for funds resulted in \$115,000,000. In April, 1917, the Red Cross had 555 chapters. To-day it has 3,874. "It has been estimated by some genius that to this work, after America went to war, 2,000,000 hours were given—230 years of labor compressed into eighteen months." Into the Red Cross workers' hands, "miles of material passed. Every month they put a 5¼ inch girdle around the globe; they used 2,500,000 pounds of wool."

Requirements "for military and hospital purposes for six months following" headed an order of 6,000,000 items. When the Red Cross took to doing the army's mending "trial lots of 5,000 were issued to each division; within thirty days 500,000 garments of every size and kind had been restored to respectability. One division rehabilitated 150,000 on its first order."

If the record was not unimpeachably veracious, what the Red Cross workers did—your sister and mother and aunt and cousin, or mine—would be unbelievable. "When the influenza epidemic reached the United States on its westward journey the Red Cross chapters turned out 1,250,000 germ proof masks in two weeks." The women of America "from the day they first took up the burden of war to October 1, 1918, made and packed and shipped 253,000,000 surgical dressings; 22,000,000 articles of hospital supplies; 14,000,000 sweaters, socks, comfort bags, &c., for soldiers and sailors and 1,000,000 refugee garments—291,000,000 pledges that America's women were behind the flag."

Between 6,000 and 7,000 women are enrolled in the chapters' transportation system. At 700 railroad junctions canteen workers to the number of 70,000 brought comfort and cheer to train weary soldiers and sailors. And it is a matter of record that not one of those women ever told of the troop movements she knew about. Mr. Davison says, "For centuries fathers inculcated in their sons the belief that a woman cannot keep a secret; it is a matter of record that 70,000 women dispelled this fallacy." The reports from 404 per cent. of the American canteens for one month show that these women served 2,416,000 meals.

This slight (as the total goes) array of figures has made the present reviewer dizzy, and possibly the reader also. And yet it is chiefly through figures that the story of the Red Cross can be approximated. These figures and reproductions of many varied and interesting photographs are in the book. The pictures were selected to illustrate the diversified work of the organization, from the familiar white-coiffed grouped around a table rolling bandages to the lines of the Red Cross in remote Serbia, in Italy, France and England. In years to come every one who wishes to know what the Red Cross "did in the war" can find out pretty well by merely looking at these illustrations.

Mr. Davison tells of the work for the soldiers at home; for the navy, the home service; how the children were mobilized; the enormous problem of supplies and transportation, and the work of taking care of the disabled soldiers, not yet done. In response to the organization's first cabled request to Pershing asking what it could do for him he wired back, "If you

want to do something for me for God's sake 'buck up the French.' They have been fighting for three years and are getting ready for their fourth winter. They have borne a tremendous burden and whatever assistance we can lend them promptly will be of the greatest possible value."

What the Red Cross did to back up the French and give aid and comfort to all the needy folk of Europe is told in the ten chapters comprising the second part of the text. The geographical extent of this work alone is a thing to marvel over. Not least of the wonders of the war is the work of our Red Cross. And Mr. Davison has recorded it here picturesquely, swiftly (for it moved that way) and accurately. His royalties from the book are to go to the Red Cross.

W. B. M'C.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN THE GREAT WAR. By HENRY P. DAVISON. The Macmillan Company.

I Remember, I Remember

IT is probably because, when it originally appeared in 1904, many saw in *Farmington* their own towns and their own boyhoods that there is now demand for a new, and a third, edition. We all like to read about ourselves. *Farmington* is a prose, and appropriately somewhat melancholy, version of the "I remember, I remember" refrain, with some contemporary annotation and ironic commentary.

For example, when Mr. Darrow describes how the Sunday school children of his day stood up and lustily sang "I want to be an angel and with the angels stand," he remarks that as a matter of fact not a boy or a girl so singing would have been an angel for anything; would have been frightened to death at the thought.

But it is all here in this little book, every boy's history, from barefoot to sliding down hill, the wash tub on Saturday night, Casabianca and Mareo Bozzaris on Friday afternoons, pum-pum-pullaway and Fourth of July and Christmas, "company" and aunts.

Mr. Darrow says he cannot remember that his mother ever kissed him—and he is sure he would have been embarrassed if she had; nor can he truthfully say that he looked upon her as a cook "exactly in the light of the street car advertisement." His complaint of the old time education seems to be that it had no relativity to life—no more than the copybook maxims and moral precepts with which the school-books were encumbered. N. P. D.

FARMINGTON. By CLARENCE DARROW. B. W. Huebsch.

"The Little Chap"

AN iridescent bubble, this short sketch of character, made out of the very homely essences of simple life, shaped into form by the breath of understanding and sent gently high into the air to catch for a little while the sunlight and all the rainbow colors in its delicate globe. It will dissolve and float away as bubbles do, for there is nothing permanent and imperishable here.

But it gives the pleasure which is the fruit of even evanescent beauty, and that remains a long time in the memory. Just a picture of a few plain people—"Our conversations have never been remarkable, for neither our neighbors nor ourselves are distinguished people, nor witty, nor wise." But their fence is "not a barrier but a bond"; and this brief twilight scene where the little chap chases fireflies over his lawn, while on the other side of the fence a childless couple watch him with eyes that have never forgotten their own small lad, ranging these many years in the meadows of heaven, has a really moving quality. M. P. A.

THE LITTLE CHAP. By ROBIN GORDON ANDERSON. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A NEW volume, the fourth, of Count Charles de Souza's *Germany in Defeat*, a strategic history of the war, is announced as ready for publication by E. P. Dutton & Co.

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